Our Soveraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

*Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army over the Stage.*

*Fortin.* Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majeſtie would ought with us
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

*Cap.* I will doe't my Lord.

*Fortin.* Goe ſoftly on.

*Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.*

*Ham.* Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

*Cap.* They are of *Norway* ſir.

*Ham.* How propos'd ſir I pray you?

*Cap.* Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

*Ham.* Who commands them ſir?

*Cap.* The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbraſſe*.

*Ham.* Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?

*Cap.* Truely to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

*Ham.* Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

*Cap.* Nay 'tis already garriſond.

*Ham.* Two thouſand ſoules and 20000. duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you ſir.

*Cap.*



*Cap.* God buy your ſir.
*Roſ.* Wil't pleaſe you g
*Ham.* Ile be with you
How all occaſions doe inf
And ſpur my dull revenge
If his chiefe good and ma
Be but to ſleepe and feed
Sure he that made us with
Looking before and after
That capability and Goo
To fuſt in us unus'd: no
Beſtiall oblivion, or ſome
Of thinking too preciſely
A thought which quarter
And ever three parts cow
Why yet I live to ſay thi
Sith I have cauſe, and wil
To doe't: examples groſ
Witneſſe this army of ſu
Led by a delicate and te
Whoſe ſpirit with divin
Makes mouthes at the in
Expoſing what is mortal
To all that fortune, deat
Even for an egge-ſhell.
Is not to ſtir without gre
But greatly to finde qua
When honour's at the ſ
That have a father kill'd
Excitements of my reaſo
And let all ſleep, while
The imminent death of
That for a fantaſie and t
Goe to their graves like
Whereon the numbers
Which is not tombe en
To hide the ſlaine? O
My thoughts be bloody